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and buying up their crops when saved, his business was to proceed through the towns, and more especially those where Irish grown tobacco was not heard of, and there sell it, sometimes, as the case might be, at a discount, *because it was Irish*—sometimes, with softer dealers, as prime Virginia. This man, it may be expected, was not very measured in his reprehension of the Irish Secretary, for putting an extinguisher on the trade; and he made no secret of his intention of endeavouring to evade the new Act, and of his ability to do so; and these feelings, and these intentions, had evidently a bad influence on his mind—and such will ever be the effect of severe fiscal laws; they will induce people to believe that there is no *moral wrong* committed in their breach or their evasion; they tend, therefore, to break down the barrier of inviolability which should encompass all existing law, and afford a conventional excuse, if not a license, for the smuggler, the poacher, and the illicit distiller, which, as a breaker of *THE LAW*, he should not have: the man stands relieved, by the equity of political opinion, from the sentence which the law awards, and leaves him in that position which no wise Government should ever contemplate, namely, the possibility of a man's being deemed fiscally, but not morally, a culprit.

My coach companion did not seem to be made a better man by his new mode of life; there was not a place where the coach stopped to harness fresh horses, where he did not get down to take in a fresh tumbler of whiskey punch, and yet he was not drunk: he was a large, full-chested man, and his constitution seemed to be surprisingly case-hardened against intoxication—his eye, *only*, had a watery, maudlin, coddled appearance—he boasted that he had already taken fourteen glasses of whiskey made into punch, and that he supposed he would not go to bed before he made up the twenty-fifth tumbler—that he always made a bargain *best*, when he had drank most, and that what made other men lose their wits, only made him cut and chew: he rejoiced, with exceeding satisfaction, in the contemplation of how many tobacco twisters he had taken in, by showing them, to their sorrow, that the harder he drank, the harder he drove his bargain. I wish I may have had some effect on his natural good sense and sound understanding, when I attempted to prove that in a very few years such a mode of living must bring on debility, disease, and death. But, I fear me, there is as little hope of the reformation of a confirmed drunkard, as a confirmed tobacco consumer—both only will feel, when they are dying of debility, that to live on stimulants is about as wise as to set fire to a candle at both ends.

While passing by a well wooded and enclosed demesne, with a fine manor house in the centre, some one remarked that it was Gaulstown, now the property of Lord Kilmaine, but formerly the mansion of the Earls of Belvidere. It is astonishing how previous knowledge causes you, by association, to think well or ill of things and places. Gaulstown, without any grand feature, is as pretty as good land, a good house, and fine trees can make it, yet when considered as the prison of a pretty woman, as the lock-up house of a man who was instigated by more than Spanish jealousy, and lived and died under the influence of more than Spanish revenge—even if the sun was shining on it—the thrush was amusing its incubating mate, with all the harmony of conjugal fidelity, and the ring-dove was cooing its querulous note from every grove, I could not but consider it as a dismal place. Robert, the first Earl of Belvidere, married in 1736, as his second wife, Mary, the daughter of Lord Viscount Molesworth; she was wondrous beautiful, and bore him four children, but for some cause that excited to jealousy his determined spirit, he had his countess locked up in Gaulstown house for nearly twenty years, allowing her only the attendance of a confidential servant; and this most admired woman of her day, lingered away the prime of her life, neither the world forgetting, nor by the world forgot—but unknown, and unknowing—guarded with a vigilance that knew no intermission, until, by her lord's demise, she was liberated from her thralldom; it is questionable whether the after-life of this liberated lady evinced that her long incarceration was instrumental to mental improvement, or was con-

ducive to an amended life; at all events, during the Earl's life, no one ventured to call his severe and illegal act into question, for he was too useful to the Government for them to interfere, and the personal courage of this clever and handsome Bluebeard, was of that exorbitant and reckless character, that no preux chevalier was found hardy enough to attempt the rescue of the lovely dame from durance vile—in this way they managed matters in Ireland 100 years ago.

Our next change of horses took place at a village called Beggars'-bridge—a beggarly place, in sooth, as its name imports. The cause of its name is not a little remarkable. In old times, as was the case in most parts of Ireland, the traveller was obliged to ford over the small river here, and here stood a beggar, who, as the wayfaring man slowly picked his passage over the water, from an adjoining bank asked alms, and invoked all the saints in heaven to aid and bring to his journey's end him that lent to God by showing pity on the poor. It was surely an Irishman who said or sung this stave—

"Of all the trades a going, a begging is the best,"

for our beggarman throve surpassingly, so ragged, so wretched, so squalid looked he, that no man could pass by, (and it was a great thoroughfare,) without giving him alms, and it so happened that the beggarman died and was buried, and a coffin and winding sheet were provided for him at the expense of the neighbours, and his filthy rags, as altogether useless and unfit for any use, were cast out on the wayside, to be trodden under foot, and so resolve themselves into the element of dirt and dung they had for years approximated to—but it so happened that some boys were playing by the road side, one of them gave an unusual toss to the beggar's rags, and out fell a piece of money, whereupon a more accurate search was made, and it was found that the ragged inside waistcoat was quilted with guineas; this money the young men who found it had the honesty to bring to a neighbouring magistrate, who directed that with it a bridge should be erected on the stream on whose banks stands the little village *inde derivatur*, Beggars'-bridge.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

ENTRY OF JAMES II. INTO DUBLIN.

It was on the 24 day of March, 1689, that James Stuart, the seventh of that ill-fated name who held the sceptre of Scotland, and the second who ruled England and Ireland, made his triumphal entry into the ancient city of Dublin.

Ireland had not seen a king of England on her shores since the days of John, and the one who now appeared, came, not on a visit of state, or merely to receive the homage due to his dignity, but to contest in arms, with his rival, this the only part of his dominions which had adhered to him. For though the valour of the viscount of Dundee, the enthusiasm of such Highland clans as followed him to the field, and some troops dispatched by Tyrconnel from Ireland served to make a considerable diversion in favour of James, still it was evident that the majority of the people of Scotland were favourable to the revolution.

Every effort had been made by the leaders of the Jacobite party, now the ruling one in Ireland, to give an imposing air to the entrance of their unhappy sovereign, into the only capital which still held him as her king. The entire of the way leading from the place where exiled Royalty first came within the city to the castle was lined with soldiers; the streets themselves were newly sanded for the occasion; the balconies of the citizens were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and filled with all the loveliness and grace of a town, which, for female beauty, in comparison to its extent, has always stood unrivalled.

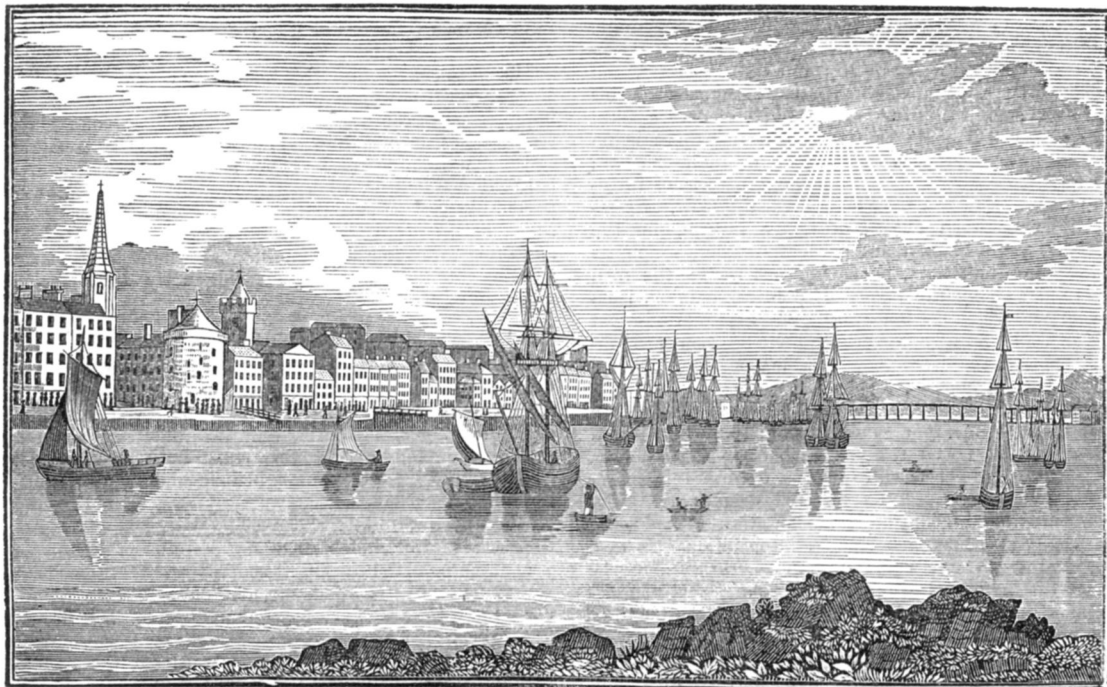
In a carriage preceeding the king, bearing the sword of state, sat Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel; James himself mounted on a gallant charger, wearing the decorations of the garter, with the Earl of Granard, and Lord Powis on his right, and the Duke of Berwick, and Lord Melfort on his left, advanced amidst the plaudits of the multitude.

On approaching that part of the town, called then, as it is now, the Liberty, a silken canopy was erected over the way, and here by far the most interesting part of the pageant appeared. Forty young and beautiful maidens, selected from

the different convents in Dublin, clad in white silk, and bearing baskets filled with flowers in their hands, joined the procession; and walked immediately before His Majesty, strewed the contents of their baskets in his path the rest of the way

to the castle. The bands of the different regiments played the well known jacobite tune of "the king shall have his own again," while the people rent the air with shouts of God save the King, long live the King. E. B.

THE QUAY OF WATERFORD.



The Quay of Waterford.

The Citizens of Waterford are justly proud of the beauty of their Harbour, and still more of their Quay, which is not rivalled by anything of the kind in Ireland. It is an English mile in length, and presents a continued line with scarcely any interruption throughout its entire extent, a portion adjoining the river being divided off from the carriage way the whole length of the Quay, and forming a truly delightful promenade, such as few cities can produce. Of the general effect of this beautiful object, our prefixed illustration will convey some idea, but the natural beauty of the surrounding scenery must be seen to be properly appreciated. The Suir is a magnificent river, affording a depth of water, varying from twenty to sixty-five feet at low water; and vessels of nearly 800 tons may come up close to the Quay, a circumstance which has been found peculiarly favourable for the embarkation of cavalry and military stores. The opposite banks of this noble river are connected by a wooden bridge of modern erection, which greatly adds to the interest and picturesque effect of the scene. Of this bridge we extract the following account from the excellent history of Waterford, by the Rev. Mr. Ryland. The wooden bridge connecting Waterford and the County Kilkenny was undertaken in 1793, by a company, (incorporated by act of Parliament), who subscribed £30,000 to complete the work, including the purchase of the Ferry. The money was raised by loans of £100 each, the interest of which was to be paid by the Tolls of the Bridge. The work, having been completed for a less sum than was originally estimated, only required the payment of £90 on each debenture. The erection of a bridge has eventually become a good speculation; the debentures now sell for £170, and the company have a sinking fund, already advanced to a considerable amount, to repair or re-build the bridge as may be necessary. The Tolls for the present year (1824) let for £4,260.

The present Bridge was built of American oak, by Mr. Cox, a native of Boston, who also erected the magnificent bridge over the Slaney, and those of Derry, Portumna, and Ross. Cox advised the Proprietors of the Waterford Bridge to case one of the piers with stone until the whole were completed; but his advice was not followed.

Two tablets, affixed to the centre piers, give an account of the manner in which the foundation was laid, the date

of the erection, and the materials of which it was composed. The inscriptions are as follows:—

In 1793,
A year rendered sacred
To national prosperity
By the extinction of religious divisions,
The foundation of this Bridge was laid,
At the expense of associated individuals
United by Parliamentary grants,
By Sir John Newport, Bart.,
Chairman of their Committee.
Mr. Samuel Cox,
A native of Boston, in America,
Architect.

On the thirtieth day of April, 1793,
This Bridge was begun.
On the eighteenth of January, 1794,
It was opened for the passage of carriages.
It is 832 feet in length, 40 in breadth,
Consisting of stone abutments,
And forty sets of piers of oak.
The depth of water at lowest ebb tides 37 feet.

This work was completed, and the Ferry purchased, by a subscription of thirty thousand pounds, under the direction of the following Committee.

Sir John Newport, Bart.	
Samuel Boyse, Esq.,	Sir Simon Newport
Thomas Quan, Esq.,	Rev. William Davis,
Wm. Perrose Francis, Esq.,	Thomas Alcock, Esq.,
Robert Hunt, Esq.,	Mansell Bowers, Esq.,
John Congreve, Esq.,	Humphrey Jones, Esq.,
James Ramsay, Esq.,	Thomas H. Strangman, Esq.

The Quay of Waterford is the place of residence of many of the chief merchants of the City, but its most interesting architectural feature is an ancient castle, called Reginald's Tower, and corruptly the Ring Tower, which is probably the most unquestionable remain of the Danish power, and one of the most curious monuments of its kind now to be found in the kingdom. This castle was also known by the Irish name of Daudory, or the King's Fort.